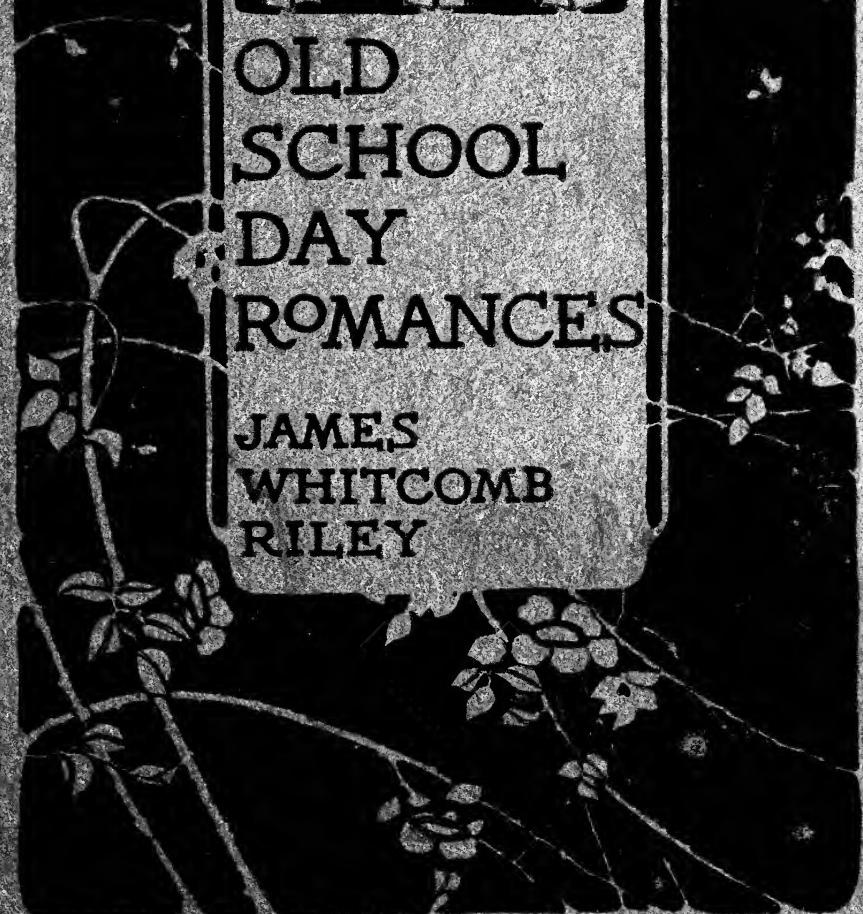


**OLD
SCHOOL
DAY
ROMANCES**

**JAMES
WHITCOMB
RILEY**







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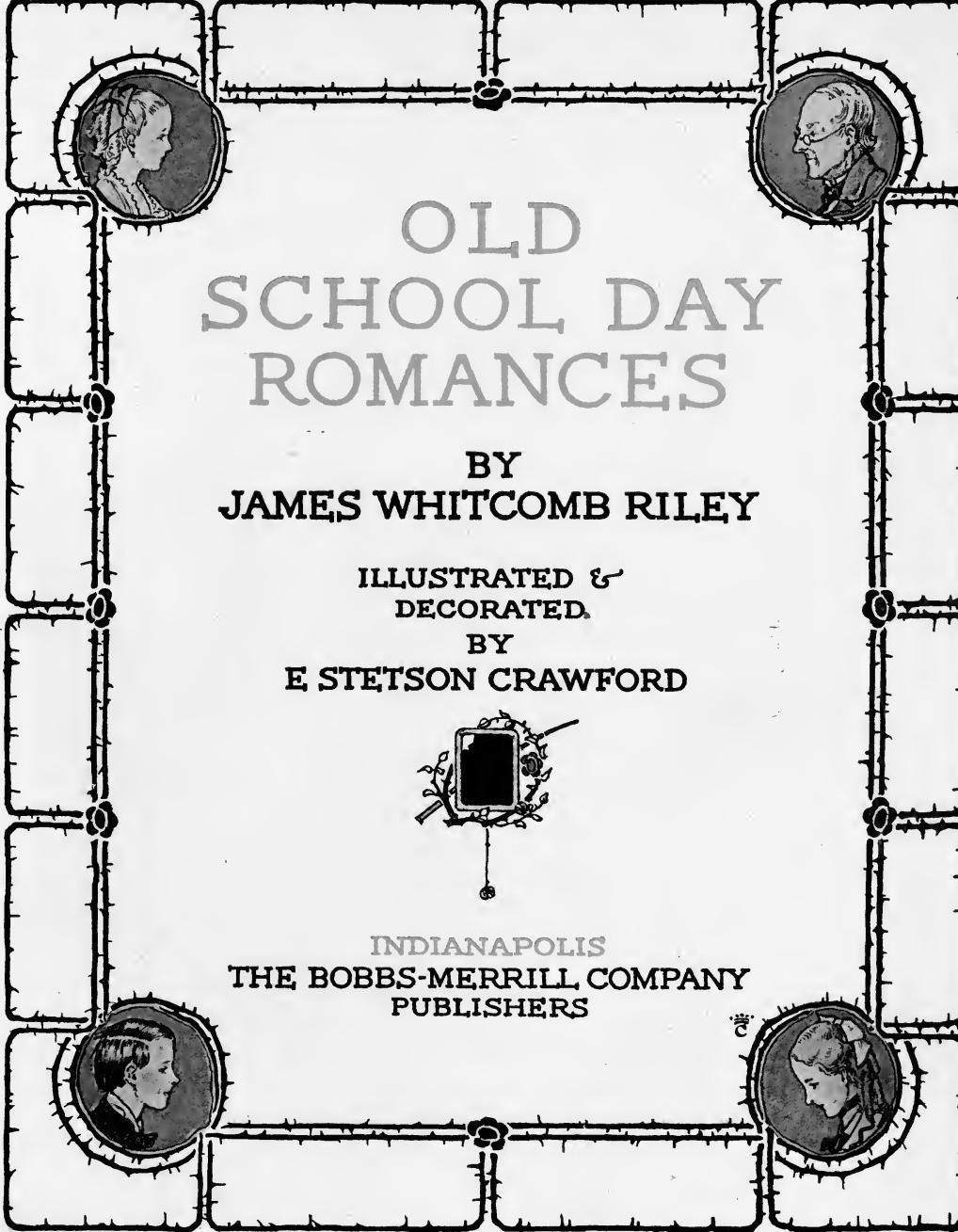


SCHOOL - DAY
ROMANCES



E. STETSON CRAWFORD

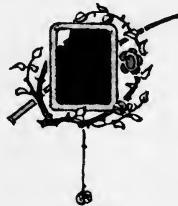
"THE GIRL WITH GLANCING EYES."



OLD SCHOOL DAY ROMANCES

BY
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ILLUSTRATED &
DECORATED.
BY
E STETSON CRAWFORD



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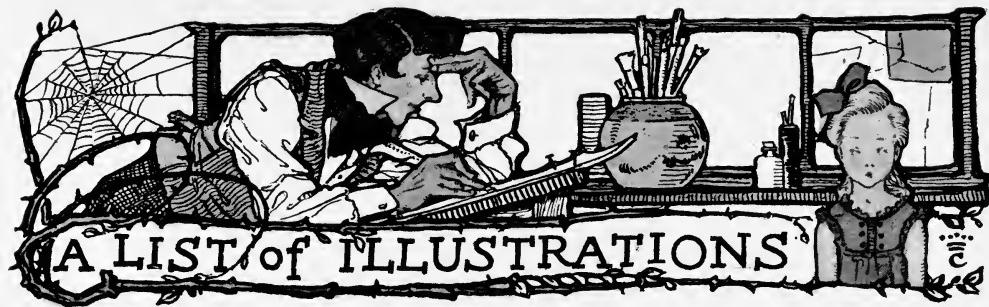
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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY





TO
DR. WILLIAM MORRIS PIERSON





The Girl with Glancing Eyes *Frontispiece*

The Watchful Master - - - Page 9

Exercises Friday Afternoon - - - Page 10

A Problem Left Unsifted - - - Page 11

The Half-Forgotten Tune - - - Page 12

A Youngster Far From Funny - - - Page 13

As He Waves the Warning Rod - Page 17

The Smell of Something Burning - Page 25

Scotland's Burning! - - - Page 33

A Hush of Holy Feeling - - - Page 41







Of the wealth of facts and fancies
That our memories may recall,
The old school-day romances
Are the dearest, after all!—
When some sweet thought revises
The half-forgotten tune
That opened “Exercises”
On “Friday Afternoon.”



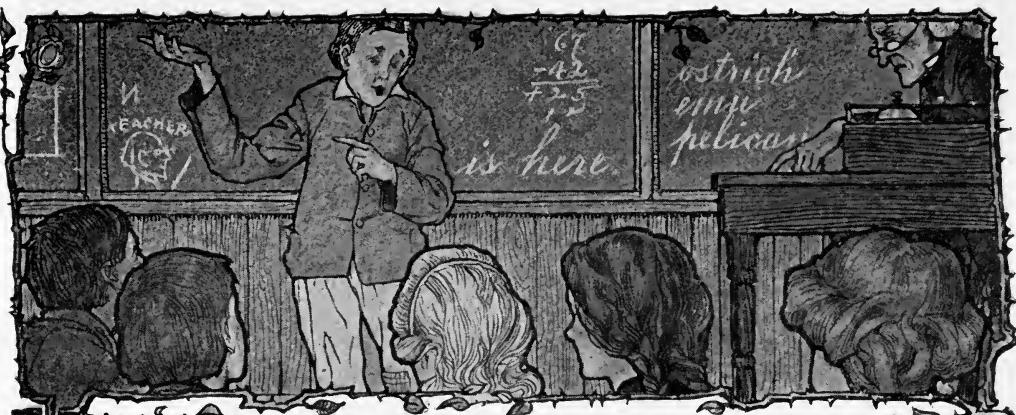
We seem to hear the clicking
 Of the pencil and the pen,
And the solemn ceaseless ticking
 Of the time-piece ticking then;



And we note the watchful master,
As he waves the warning rod,
With our own heart beating faster,
Than the boy's who threw the wad.



Some little hand uplifted,
And the creaking of a shoe:—
A problem left unsifted
For the teacher's hand to do.



The murmured hum of learning
And the flutter of a book—
The smell of something burning,
And the school's inquiring look.



The bashful boy in blushes;
And the girl, with glancing eyes,
Who hides her smiles, and hushes
The laugh about to rise,—



Then, with a quick invention,
Assumes a serious face,
To meet the words, "Attention!"
Every scholar in his place!"



The opening song, page 20—

Ah! dear old “Golden Wreath,”
You willed your sweets in plenty;
And some who look beneath



"AS HE WAVES THE WARNING ROD,"

E. STETSON CRAWFORD





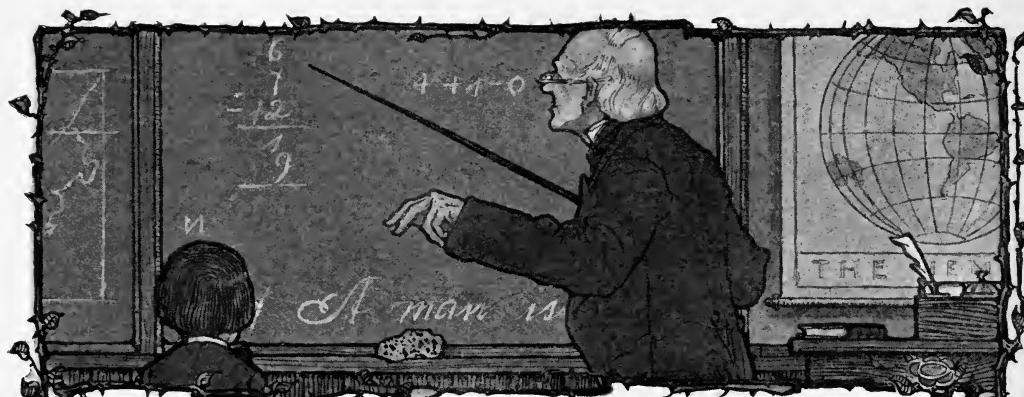
The leaves of Time will linger,
And loving tears will start,
As Fancy trails her finger
O'er the index of the heart.



“Good news from Home”—We hear it
Welling tremulous, yet clear
And holy as the spirit
Of the song we used to hear—



“Good news for me”—(A throbbing
And an aching melody)—
“Has come across the”—(sobbing,
Yea and salty) “dark blue sea!”



Or the pæan “Scotland’s burning!”
With its mighty surge and swell
Of chorus, still returning
To its universal yell—



Till we're almost glad to drop to
Something sad and full of pain—
And "Skip verse three," and stop, too,
Ere our hearts are broke again.



Then "the big girls'" composition
With their doubt, and hope, and glow
Of heart and face,—conditions
Of "the big boys"—even so,



"THE SMELL OF SOMETHING BURNING





When themes of "Spring" and "Summer,"
And of "Fall" and "Wintertime"
Droop our heads and hold us dumber
Than the sleighbell's fancied chime.



Elocutionary Science—

Still in changeless infancy:—

With its “Cataline’s Defiance”

And “The Banner of the Free”:—



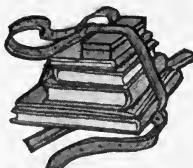
Or—lured from Grandma's attic,
A ramshackle rocker there—
Adds a shriek of the dramatic
To the poet's "Old Arm-Chair."



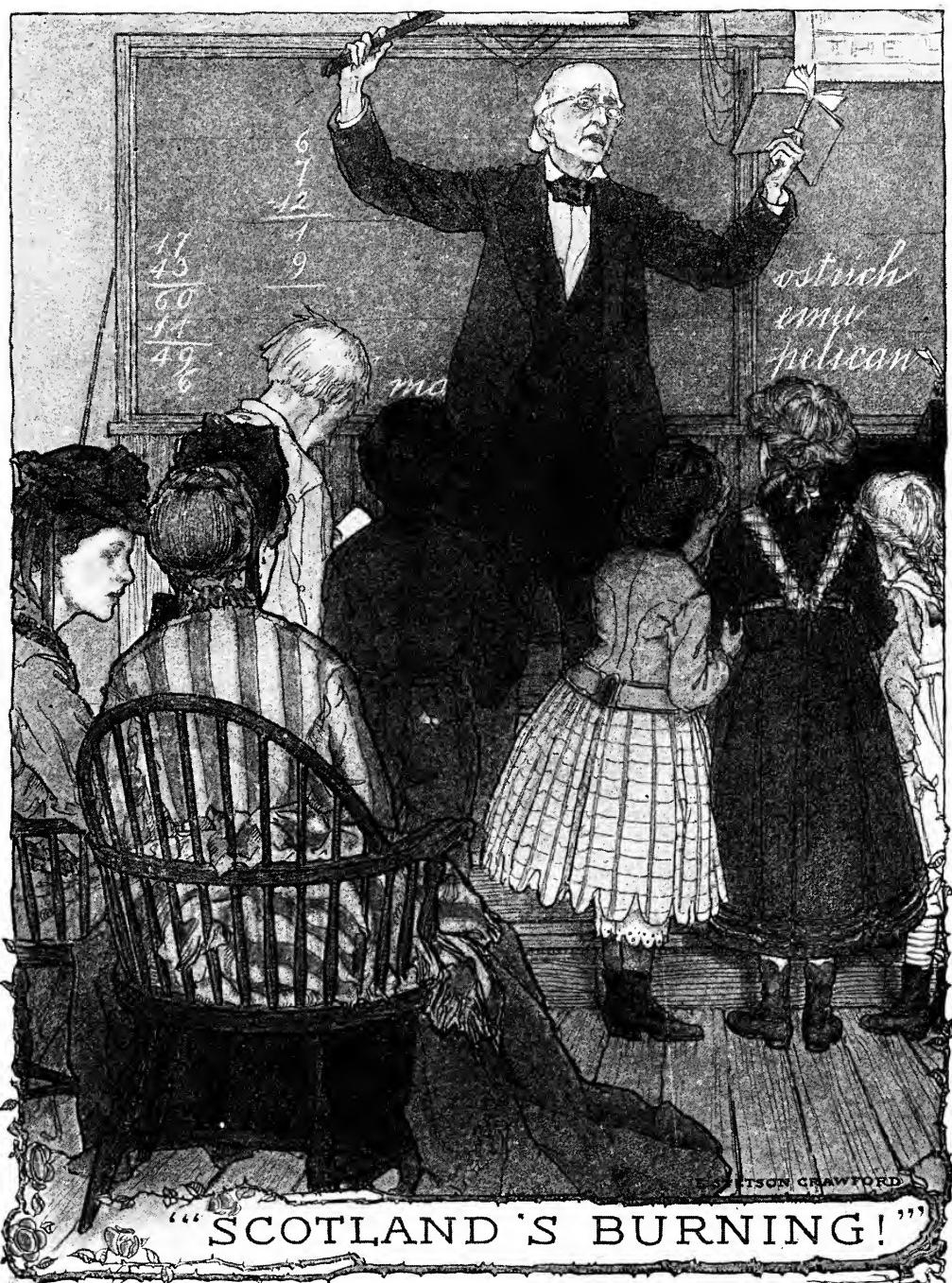
Or the “Speech of Logan” shifts us
From the pathos to the fire;
And Tell (with Gessler) lifts us
Many noble notches higher—



Till a youngster, far from sunny,
With sad eyes of watery blue,
Winds up with something "funny,"
Like "Cock-a-doodle-do."



Then a Dialogue—selected
For its realistic worth:—
The Cruel Boy detected
With a turtle turned to earth



"SCOTLAND'S BURNING!"





Back-downward; and, in pleading,
The Good Boy—strangely gay
At such a sad proceeding—
Says, “Turn him over, pray!”



So the exercises taper
Through gradations of delight
To the reading of "The Paper"
Which is entertaining—quite!—



For it goes ahead and mentions
“If a certain Mr. O.
Has serious intentions
That he ought to tell her so.”



It also "Asks permission
To intimate to 'John'
The dubious condition
Of the ground he's standing on";



And, dropping the suggestion
To "mind what he's about,"
It stuns him with the question
"Does his mother know he's out?"



And among the contributions
To this “Academic Press”
Are “Versified Effusions”
By—“Our Lady editress”

THE HUSH OF HOLY FEELING

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E. STETSON CRAWFORD

"A HUSH OF HOLY FEELING"

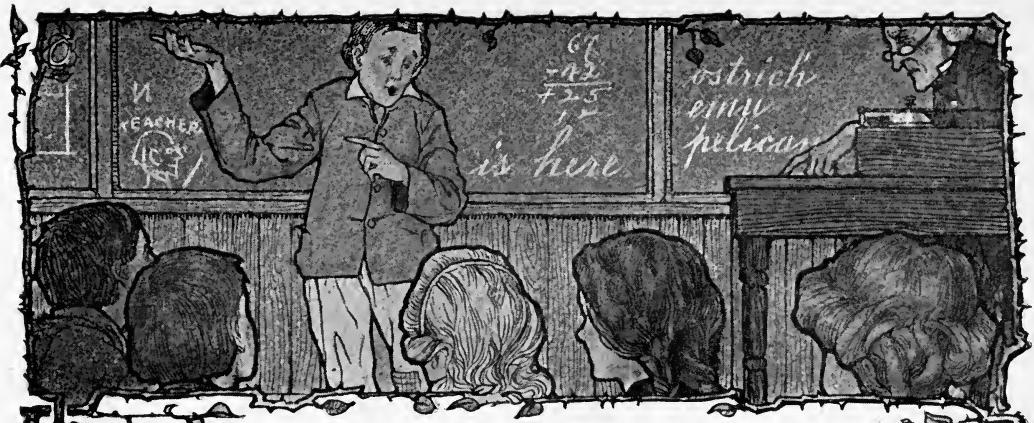




Which fact is proudly stated
By the Chief of the concern,—
Though the verse communicated
Bears the pen-name “Fanny Fern.”



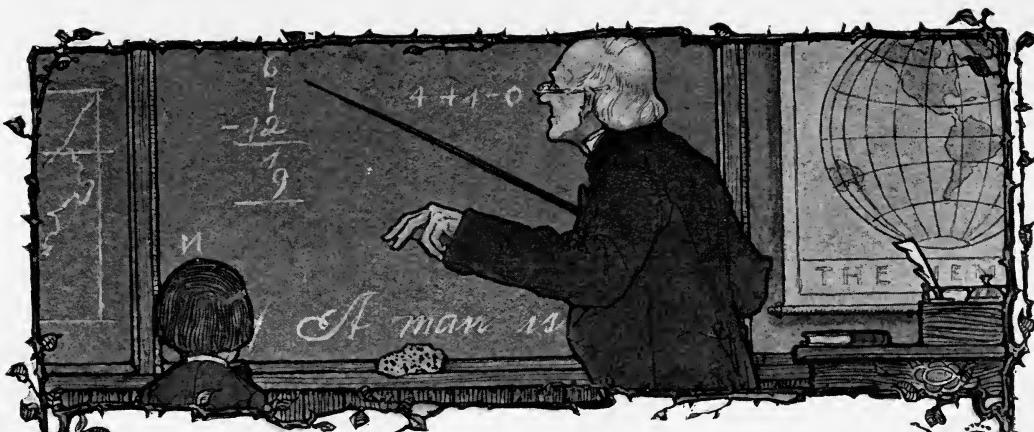
When all has been recited,
And the teacher's bell is heard
And visitors, invited,
Have dropped a kindly word,



A hush of holy feeling
Falls down upon us there,
As though the day were kneeling,
With the twilight for the prayer.

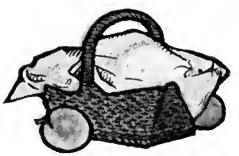


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1909



Paul E





